My heart to her, but as gueſtwiſe, ſoiourn'd:
And now to *Helen*, is it home returnd,
There to remaine.
*Lyſ.* *Helen*, it is not ſo.
*Deme.* Diſparage not the faith, thou doſt not know;
Leaſt to thy perill, thou aby it deare.
Looke where thy loue comes: yonder is thy deare.

*Enter* Hermia.

*Her.* Darke night, that from the eye, his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehenſion makes.
Wherein it doth impaire the ſeeing ſenſe,
It payes the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not, by myne eye, *Lyſander*, found:
Mine eare, I thanke it, brought me to thy ſound.
But why, vnkindly, didſt thou leaue mee ſo?
*Lyſ.* Why ſhould he ſtay, whom loue doth preſſe to go
*Her.* What loue could preſſe *Lyſander*, from my ſide?
*Lyſ.* *Lyſanders* loue (that would not let him bide)
Faire *Helena*: who more engilds the night
Then all yon fiery oes, and eyes of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made mee leaue thee ſo?
*Her.* You ſpeake not as you thinke: It cannot bee.
*Hel.* Lo: ſhe is one of this confederacy.
Now I perceiue, they haue conioynd all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport, in ſpight of mee.
Iniurious *Hermia*, moſt vngratefull maide,
Haue you conſpir'd, haue you with theſe contriu'd
To baite mee, with this foule derision?
Is all the counſell that we two haue ſhar'd,
The ſiſters vowes, the howers that we haue ſpent,
When we haue chid the haſtie footed time,
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?
All ſchoole dayes friendſhippe, childhood innocence?
VVee, *Herm.*, like two artificiall gods,





Haue with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion,
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voyces, and mindes
Had bin incorporate. So wee grewe together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted;
But yet an vnion in partition,
Two louely berries moulded on one ſtemme:
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the firſt life coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creaſt.
And will you rent our auncient loue aſunder,
To ioyne with men, in ſcorning your poore friend?
It is not friendly, tis not maidenly.
Our ſex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone doe fele the iniury.
*Her.* I am amazed at your words:
I ſcorne you not. It ſeemes that you ſcorne mee,
*Hel.* Haue you not ſet *Lyſander*, as in ſcorne,
To follow mee, and praiſe my eyes and face?
And made your other loue, *Demetrius*
(Who euen but now did ſpurne mee with his foote)
To call mee goddeſſe, nymph, diuine, and rare,
Precious celeſtiall? VVherefore ſpeakes he this,
To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lyſander*
Deny your loue (ſo rich within his ſoule)
And tender mee (forſooth) affection,
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
VVhat, though I bé not ſo in grace as you,
So hung vpon with loue, ſo fortunate?
(But miſerable moſt, to loue vnlou'd)
This you ſhould pittie, rather then deſpiſe.
*Her.* I vnderſtand not, what you meane by this.
*Hel.* I doe. Perſeuer, counterfait ſad lookes.
Make mouthes vpon mee, when I turne my backe:



VVinke